The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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MY TRIUMPH.

The autumn-time has come;
On woods that dream of bloom,
And over purpling vines,
The low sun fainter shines.

The aster-flower is failing,
The hazel's gold is paling;
Yet overhead more near
The eternal stars appear!

And present gratitude
Insures the future's good,
And for the things I see
I trust the things to be;

That in the paths untrod,
And the long days of God,
My feet shall still be led,
My heart be comforted.

O living friends who love me!
O dear ones gone above me!
Careless of other fame,
I leave to you my name.

Hide it from idle praises,
Save it from evil phrases:
Why, when dear lips that spake it
Are dumb, should strangers wake it?

Let the thick curtain fall;
I better know than all
How little I have gained,
How vast the unattained.

Not by the page word-painted
Let life be banned or sainted:
Deeper than written scroll
The colors of the soul.

Sweeter than any sung
My songs that found no tongue;
Nobler than any fact
My wish that failed of act.

Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,—
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of win.

What matter, I or they?
Mine or another's day,
So the right word be said
And life the sweeter made?

Hail to the coming singers!
Hail to the brave light-bringers!
Forward I reach and share
All that they sing and dare.

The airs of heaven blow o'er me;
A glory shines before me
Of what mankind shall be,—
Pure, generous, brave, and free.

A dream of man and woman
Diviner but still human,
Solving the riddle old,
Shaping the Age of Gold!

The love of God and neighbor;
An equal-handed labor;
The richer life, where beauty
Walks hand in hand with duty.

Ring, bells in unreared steeples,
The joy of unborn peoples!
Sound, trumpets far off blown,
Your triumph is my own!

Parcel and part of all,
I keep the festival,
Fore-reach the good to be,
And share the victory.

I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward,
And take, by faith, while living,
My freehold of thanksgiving.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

THANKSGIVING.

A cause to which I have already adverted—namely, the ordinary ignoring of the abstract rightfulness of worship—has tended in modern times to displace thanksgiving in an extraordinary manner from its natural important position. "We bless Thee for creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life." Some few short words like these at the end of whole litanies of minute petitions are thought sufficient to dismiss the million million benedictions which our Creator is forever pouring like sunbeams on our heads. Now, if it be right to *pray* for every sort of desirable object, for dry weather and for rain, for victory over our enemies, and for deliverance from lightning and tempest, plague, pestilence and famine, battle and sudden death, surely it cannot be thought superfluous to *thank* God for similar blessings with at least equal assiduity. Yet, for the sunshine and the moonlight, for summer's stores and winter's healthful snow, for the radiant earth and the solemn sea, for fruits and flowers, and brutes and birds, for our own wondrous frames of flesh, for sight and hearing, taste and smell and feeling, for sleep, for language, for human love, for intellect and memory, for all the wondrous powers which permit the child of yesterday to converse with the dead of all ages, and to soar in thought through the realms of boundless space,—for *these* blessings what liturgy pours its long strain of thanksgiving before the throne of the merciful Benefactor?

It would seem, too, as if the things for which we do return some expression of gratitude were only the blessings which come to the lower part of our nature,—traditional thanksgivings, if I may call them so, for the mercies men in ages of barbarism felt to be greatest. We say "grace before and after meat"; we have forms of public thanks for good harvests and for victory over our enemies. These are well. Even that poor formality of grace, as it is commonly understood, it would be sad to abandon, profaned though it so often be by the levity of its insertion between the paragraphs of a jesting tale or the retorts of an angry argument. But why are no other blessings save food and safety made themes of praise? These are the dews about our feet: have we no thanks for the showers on our heads? It might almost be questioned whether any of the peculiar mercies which we possess over those which belonged to our ancestors have been recognized in any social worship by thanksgiving. What forms have been ever proposed for blessing God for the great discoveries of modern science and the progress of political freedom; for our fire-horse, the steam engine, whose fodder of coal was laid up so carefully a million years ago; for the facilitation of all kindly intercourse throughout the world; for medical and surgical discoveries without number for the relief of human suffering; for the unspeakable blessing of a righteous jurisprudence? Have we no thanks for things like these? Should the Benedicite of the "heir of all the ages" be no stave the longer than that of the serf and monk of the centuries when oppression and ignorance darkened Europe with their double night? Methinks that each generation of men ought to add a strophe, and that ours ought to add many a strophe, to the universal hymn of God's happy children.

It is a trite remark that we are nearly always stimulated to the various actions needful for our life by a sense of *pleasure* quite superfluous, when mere want and pain would have equally compelled us to exertion. Men eat, drink, sleep, or take exercise, because these acts are pleasures much oftener than because forbearance from them entails pain. Each sense has indeed for itself a garden of its own delights,—beauty and music and perfume, and the tastes of food and drink, and the alternations of warmth and coolness, exercise and repose.

Why has God made us to enjoy beauty and music? Or why simply has he made the flowers but out of love like that of a mother? We could have lived very well, I suppose, without roses and jessamine, and heliotrope and mignonette. They do not seem of any sort of use to our life, nor do they afford special service (at least their beauty or perfume do not) to any bird or insect. Why, then, did God make those little flowers so bright and sweet? Why did he give man the innocent occupation of improving them by culture, and yet spread wild ones almost as fair over every spot of the earth? Why, but to make us happy, to gladden our hearts with his beautiful works, to put some proof of his love into every path our feet may tread? Many a large donation of lands or gold from a father has called forth less grateful feelings than the little bunch of our favorite roses which a mother's gentle hands have arranged to greet us in our chamber. And shall we have no swelling heart, no tearful eye, for him who gave us *all* the flowers?

But as I have before said, there is a greater cause for our gratitude to God than the

pleasures of this palace-world he has built for our present abode. Beyond it lies boundless, everlasting life. We are not made for this happiness alone, great as it is. It is but an accident of the road, a *mere* world of joys thrown into the great design! What we are made for, what we shall all reach at last, is a height of being, a virtue including such love, such joy, that, could we see it now, our dazzled sight would nevermore perceive either the pleasures or the trials which belong to mortal life. God throws our immortality into the background of our consciousness, probably because, were we clearly to behold it, there could be no salutary punishment, no strengthening trial, in our earthly lot. We should feel such things no more than we heed the little pebbles which lie under our feet when we spring forward into the arms of a long-parted friend. But, though our immortality cannot be realized by our feeble brains, it is still *there*, waiting for us. In the eye of him to whom the future is as the present, we are even now the blessed creatures we shall be hereafter, pure and good and strong beyond our highest aspirations. Love of God and of myriads of our brothers will swell with rapture the vast expanse of our hearts, while our minds will grow with knowledge, God-like and illimitable, as we rove from world to world throughout the clusters of the suns, doing indeed at last "the will of our Father, even as it is done in Heaven," and growing evermore "perfect, even as He is perfect."—*Frances Power Cobbe.*

THE STILL HOUR.

"HOW SHALL I KNOW THEE?"

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps
And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain,
If there I meet thy gentle presence not;
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there,—
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given?
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,—
Shall it be banished from thy tongue in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,
Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

Yet, though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,—
The same fair, thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this,—
The wisdom which is love,—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

—*Faber.*

Shall we know each other in the other world? Yes: far better than we know each other here. The progress of man implies a more intimate knowledge of his fellow-man. Animals seem to know each other chiefly in their external relations. Man, in his lower state, does not enter very deeply into the souls of those nearest to him. As he ascends, he knows them better. He understands more of their character, hopes, purposes, needs, qualities, defects, and so is able to help them much more effectually. But still how little we know of each other, how difficult is communication, how hard to tell what is within us! How we misunderstand each other! How we misinterpret each other's motives! How seldom comes an hour of real intercourse when soul speaks to soul! But, in the higher world I believe we shall enter easily and naturally into the most intimate communion, shall know as we are known. There disguises and concealments, all diffidence and distrust, shall fall away from the soul; and we shall have the joy, perhaps the highest joy we have known on earth, of coming into intimate union with those we love. The heart-rending misunderstandings of this life will cease. The cruelties born of ignorance will be no more. The harsh, cold, bitter judgments we pass on each other will be left behind.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

OFFERS.

The following books are offered by the Brighton Branch. Please apply to Miss C. L. Murdock, 320 Allston street, Coolidge Corner, Mass. "Words of the Wise"; "Poems," W. B. Benton; "Essays on Work and Culture," H. W. Mabie; "Whittier Year Book"; Phillips Brooks' Addresses; "Mr. Anstruther"; "From a New England Hillside," W. Potts; "Belgium," General Notices; "A Literary Courtship," Anna Fuller; "Freckles," Gene Stratton-Porter; "The Car of Destiny," C. N. & A. M. Williamson; "Fräulein Schmidt"; "The Benefactress," by the author of "Elizabeth in her German Garden"; "The Philosophy of Despair," David Starr Jordan.

The Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address Miss Mary A. Vinal, 20 Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass. "Arbitration and the Hague Court," Foster; "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," Drummond; "Channing and Aiken Correspondence"; "Jesus, the Interpreter of Nature," Hill; "God's Way of Holiness," Bonar; "Heart Beats," Mozoomdar; "In Tune with the Infinite," Trine; "Friendship of Art," Bliss Carman; "An American at Oxford"; "Mendelssohn's Letters," 1833–47"; "Impressions of Belgium in 1915," Sinclair; "Italy for the Italians"; "Intellectual Life," Hamilton; "Homer," Jebb; "Abbé Constantin," Halévy; "Heroines of Missionary Enterprise"; "Day Dreams of a Schoolmaster"; "American Ideas for English Readers," James Russell Lowell; "Four French Women," Austin Dobson; "Venice," A. J. Hare; "Duties of Women," F. P. Cobbe; "John Evelyn's Diary"; "Head of the Family," Mulock; "Lorna Doone," Blackmore; "Dream Life," Ik Marvel.

The work has grown so it is no longer easy for the Book Club Secretary to care for all that pertains to the Club. The following ladies have volunteered to take charge of the different interests:—

FOR BIBLES, EITHER FOR REQUESTS OR OFFERS, APPLY TO MRS. LAURA HALLETT, 37 PINCKNEY STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

FOR SCRAPS FOR PATCHWORK, FOR REQUESTS, OR FOR OFFERS, TO MRS. W. B. NICHOLS, 25 FAIRMOUNT WAY, QUINCY, MASS.

FOR MUSIC, FOR REQUESTS OR OFFERS, TO MRS. THOMAS LACEY, 145 GRAND VIEW AVENUE, WOLLASTON, MASS.

REQUESTS.

1. I have enjoyed the literature the Cheerful Letter readers have sent me, and want to thank you all so much. I wrote a note of thanks for every package of books or magazines I received, except "The Harvester." There was no name or postmark on it, so I could not write to the one that sent it; but I certainly did enjoy it, and am so grateful! I should be glad to receive any books or magazines or even newspapers. On July 15 we had a terrible flood, and we lost all our crops as well as having our land ruined. I should especially like to receive the *Saturday Evening Post* or *Ladies' Home Journal*. I am still an invalid and spend most of my time indoors. Mrs. Eliza Carleton, Boomer, North Carolina.

2. I thank the readers of the *Cheerful Letter* for the good reading matter they have sent me, and shall be very thankful for some more, as I am very old and lonely and am very often left alone. Mrs. Esther J. Ross, Buffalo Ridge, Virginia, R. 1.

3. I thank all who sent me books or papers. I have enjoyed them so much! Will some one please send me "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" and "St. Elmo"? I should be so glad to get anything to read. I should like to correspond with some of the club members. Will some one send my little children some picture books? Mrs. Covie C. Nance, Polkton, North Carolina, R. F. D. 3, Box 6.

4. I thank the Cheerful Letter friends for the books I have received. I should like to receive *The Delineator* and *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Modern Priscilla*, beginning with the October number; one "Book of Practical Sewing and Dressmaking," by Sara May Allington; one "Poultry Book," edited by Professor Willis Grant Johnson and Henry O. Brown,—three volumes in one. Mrs. Clara Brown, Tom Bean, Texas.

5. Miss Lina Thomas, Elamsville, Virginia, asks for "Lovey Mary."

6. Mrs. Alice B. Lackey, Elamsville, Virginia, will be glad of any books or magazines.

7. I should be glad to receive Dante's "Divina Commedia" (translated by Cary) or any other translation of his works. Also, I should be much pleased to receive Macaulay's "History of England," or his "Essays," or his "Lays of Ancient Rome." Rev. F. W. Keene, North Berwick, Maine. (Macaulay's "Essays" and "Lays of Ancient Rome" have been sent.)

8. I am sad and feel lonely; have lost my husband and five children; have six living. I am not able to work. My oldest daughter is in bad health. We are renters, live on a farm a long way from church and Sunday-school. I should be glad to get some cheerful reading, like books and magazines, for my girls to read. Mrs. A. A. Dix, Polkton, North Carolina, R. F. D. 3.

9. I come to you for help. I am very lonely, as I am sick with indigestion, and not able to do my housework. I have tried several remedies, but get very little relief. I should very much appreciate any good reading. Should be glad to correspond with some Cheerful Letter friend. We live on a farm, eight miles from the nearest railroad town. My husband farms and, with what little I can, I help him. He rents a two-horse farm, which is very hard on us both. We have three children under six years old, and should be glad to get picture books for the oldest ones. Our pastor is Baptist,—the Rev. John Harris, Oakboro, North Carolina. Mrs. M. D. Thomas, Polkton, North Carolina, R. F. D. 3.

10. Mrs. Tom Hancock, Polkton, North Carolina, Box 5, Route 2, asks for dictionary, some fashion magazine, and scraps for a quilt.

11. I should appreciate any good books, papers, and magazines. I live in a lonely country place with my brother and one sister, my father and mother both being dead. I should especially like "Trail of the Lonesome Pine." (Miss) Millie V. Ingram, Ansonville, North Carolina.

12. Rev. D. J. Bryant, Floyd, Virginia, will be glad of good reading again this winter, especially the *Outlook* and historical books.

13. Myra Dodd, Sandidges, Virginia, R. F. D. 2, asks for *Ladies' Home Journal*, scraps for patchwork, "Life of Garfield," "Ben Hur," "Trail of the Lonesome Pine."

14. After a long delay, may I come again with loving greetings and sincere thanks to all who have so kindly remembered me? Words cannot express our gratitude for the many kindnesses received through the Cheerful Letter Exchange. We have been more helpless than usual this year. Mother has been very poorly, "worse than for many years," all through the year. My helpless condition makes it doubly hard. Can you realize, dear friends, what it is for two invalids to live alone, wholly dependent, depending entirely on the kindness of friends? But we know that we cannot drift beyond our Heavenly Father's love and care. I love the *Cheerful Letter*, and after reading pass it on. I would be very grateful for books, which I also share with others. Later numbers of the *People's Home Journal*, and *The Ladies' Home Journal* regularly, will be gratefully received. We are very lonely. Please do not forget us. A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all. Miss Myrta Eshbaugh, Tonesta, Pennsylvania.

15. I have written to the *Cheerful Letter*, and received some very nice books and magazines, which I appreciated. I am a school-teacher. My small salary will not allow me to get all the books I'd like to read. I should like any book that any one may send me. I have some beautiful poems and recitations I'll exchange with some one. (Miss) A. B. Quin, Escatawpa, Mississippi.

16. I am teaching the four lower grades in this village, and should like to have some story books for the second and third grades; also a year's subscription to the *Youth's Companion* and some little folks' magazines; "The Brown Mouse," by Herbert Quincy, and "Laddie," by Gene Stratton-Porter for myself. I should also like to have some games or suggestions for games. (Miss) Mattie E. Sale, Roaring River, North Carolina.

AT REST.

Mrs. L. E. A. Holt, of Landrum, South Carolina, for many years a valued friend and correspondent, passed away on August 17.

Mrs. Lydia D. Creecy, formerly of Blaine, Oregon, and later of Beaver, Oregon, died in May and was laid to rest on Memorial Day. She was a faithful and beloved correspondent of Mrs. Schwamb, chairman of the Arlington Branch for the past sixteen years.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Mrs. Anna Teague, from Mannington to Hortonville, Kentucky.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

GOOD FOR GOOD'S SAKE.

"*He that showeth mercy with cheerfulness.*"—ROMANS xii. 8.

Not only philosophers working out their theories of ethics, but all men and women who have done more than exist in the midst of life's problems have asked themselves the question, "Why try to be good?"

The answers have been nearly as many as the questioners. Fear of consequences, of punishment, has been one reason for trying not to do the wrong thing. Hope of reward has been one reason for trying to do the right thing.

Yet neither of these is what we consider a high motive. That they are common is not unnatural, when we look over the history of the race, or when we look about us and see the way many parents try to bring up their children through fears and bribes.

The good should be sought for for the sake of the good, the true, the beautiful, and for the sake of strength with which to destroy the evil, the false, and the ugly.

What did Jesus have to say about this? Remember his rebukes to those who sought material rewards for being good. What did he say? Did he threaten? Did he reward? No! those were not his ways to develop character or to point the way to happiness. But he said simply, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God," that is, work for goodness, then, not as a reward of candy to a child,—no bribe idea,—but in the natural course of events, all these other things which bring real happiness shall be added unto you.

That is, good for goodness' sake. Good results are inherent in the very nature of goodness itself. Putting it flatly, goodness and cheerfulness and their results pay.

Now, when I say that goodness pays, I do not mean that it pays in any debased coinage, not even in the medium of barter in the world's market places. People still need to learn the first rule of cause and effect in this connection. I know people who complain that they are not rich, although they have always been good. Micah saw more clearly than they when he said, "Shall I give the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?" So likewise shall we receive cash payments for spiritual values? But goodness pays in the gold of character, of inward peace, poise, power, happiness, and in an outward influence of courage, uplift, good cheer, go-ahead-and-try-again.

Except from a materialistic, low-browed point of view, the old saying that "the wicked flourish like the green bay-tree" is wrong. They won't, they haven't, and they don't. Perhaps some of you who are older think that that is only the opinion of youth. But the world is old, and its experience teaches that the wicked flourish in no real, permanent way, that it does not pay to do wrong. If that were not so, the world would be going down hill, not up. But it is going up hill, and doing that because goodness flourishes and wickedness withers.—*From the Christian Register.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

ONLY A FLICKER.

It was only a flicker, whose anxiety not to be left unfed by the mother bird caused it to fall from the nest in the high oak, some fifty feet from the ground. Its parents had built their home in a rotting limb in which squirrels had been residing for several years until the season the flickers came. Stunned by the fall, the little fuzzy bunch of quivering life was picked up by Mrs. E. W. Henry of Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y., and carried into her kitchen, where everything was done to restore it to consciousness. Bread, ants, and worms, fed regularly, soon made the bird strong. Its plumage grew, and to-day it is a beautiful member of its tribe.

Has it forgotten its benefactor? No. At early dawn the door of the extension in the rear of the house is opened and the flicker flies, no one knows where, but just as soon as the ruddy sun sets in the west the bird returns home to its roost in the room behind the kitchen. This has been going on for over two weeks.

The two cats have been taught to know that the flicker must not be touched. They pass it by, should it be feeding on the lawn, as though it never existed. Should some visitor to the Henry residence be skeptical as to the bird's returning, Mrs. Henry has only to call, and in a few minutes the bird flies toward her.

Is it not wonderful what kindness will do for those who cannot speak? Why this remarkable attachment between this woman and this wildest of wild birds? The neighbors are amazed, and members of the Audubon Society in that vicinity are pleased because they see a lesson in the attachment. Probably when the migrating season comes the flicker will not be able to resist the "call of the wild." Should it stay, there would be another story.—*From Our Dumb Animals.*

NOT VICIOUS, JUST HUMAN.

They brought him to the Hospital for an eration. They said he was vicious, ugly; at he was born that way. He did seem bear out his bad name. He struck at e attendants, kicked at them, plunged so olently when brought to the operating ble that it was decided wise not to attempt put him on it. He was taken into a large om, thrown on to a deep bed of shavings, loroformed, and the operation performed. hen he came out from under the influence the anesthetic he seemed ready to take the battle anew. We wondered how we ould ever be able to dress that hind foot. entleness, patience, soon won the day. He came convinced no one would hurt him. e responded to the kindness shown. It rned out that in trying to operate on him sewhere he had been subjected to many utal methods until he grew to think every an was his enemy. He needed a change of ind. The fault was not his. One of the eatest horsemen of the country has said: I never saw a mean horse. I have seen em made so by those who have handled em, but I never yet have faced one that ndness and firmness have not finally trans-rmed."—*F. H. Rowley, in Our Dumb Ani-als.*

THE LOVE OF AN OLD COW.

While living in a town in Illinois I wanted cow, so went to a farmer just at the edge of ie town, and selected one out of a herd of out thirty. We roped her and started for me, myself in the lead and the farmer on rseback in the rear. "Old Boss," as she as afterwards known, was not used to being d, and she plunged into big snow drifts id tore around like mad, while the farmer ould ride on to her and lash her with his ack-snake. I thought I was in for it in lecting a vicious cow. I was really afraid her.

We finally got the cow home, where all my usehold began to pet her. We quickly cognized that she was of a very sensitive ature, and that while she would resent an akind act or word she would as quickly re-ond to kindness. After she became fully troduced into the family she showed a evotion and affection equal to any dog.

We moved to Iowa, putting the cow in one id of the car and the household goods in ie other. I went with the car, and some of ie time would lie on a sofa in the car where ie could see me, and she was perfectly con-nted, but let me leave the car and she ould call for me continually. We landed in new town where the cattle all roamed at will about the village. "Old Boss" would follow any of us around like a dog and accompany me to my work. She would browse around till I was ready to go home, then she would go back with me. On Sunday she would follow us back and forth to church. Was she religious? Well, she was too good not to be religious. The time came when we had to part with her, and then there were some moist eyes in our home. "Old Boss" would often come up to me and lay her head on my shoulder, thus showing great affection.—*Our Four-footed Friends.*

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.

THE THIRD STANDARD.

(*Continued from last number.*)

Mr. Somers and Miss Manners had both come in to hear it. There were all the names—beginning with the tinies of the first standard—going up—up—up to the elders in the sixth and seventh, and with the columns beyond, where blanks meant all right, crosses meant just scraping through, and ciphers meant failure.

How the children listened as she began with the monitor in her extra sixth, who had succeeded in every subject except domestic economy; then Edith Walton, sixth standard, had succeeded in everything! Everybody was glad, for everybody liked Edith; but they were too anxious to hear their own names for much heed to other people's. At last it came down to the third standard.

Susan Bray passed in reading, failed in writing and arithmetic.

Lilian Bell passed in reading, failed in writing and arithmetic.

Myra Allen passed in reading and arithmetic, failed in writing.

Alice Long passed in writing and failed in arithmetic and reading.

Mary Smithers failed in every subject.

Lucy Hunt passed in every subject.

The third standard hardly heard a word more, even when their own sisters' names were read out. Mary Smithers and Lily Bell were crying.

Susan had her don't-care face, and Lucy was not at all sure that she had heard the words right. The whole six felt that they had failed as a standard, and that something was coming that they would not like. They could see that Margaret was red, and looked angrily at them too, as if they had disgraced her. Indeed, they really were the blot on the whole school.

When the mistress had finished reading out the list, Mr. Somers said:—

"A very creditable schedule on the whole,

Miss Bolton—all but the third standard. Why, there is only one perfect pass, Lucy Hunt; one pass, Myra Allen; three failures in two subjects, Susan Bray, Lilian Bell, and Alice Long; and one total failure—Mary Smithers. How is this, little girls? I am afraid you cannot have been working with all your might."

"I can tell you how it is, sir," said Miss Bolton. "Those children are always copying from one another. I have reproved them for it over and over again, and one or another of them has been punished whenever we have found her out; but nothing will break them of it; and so when they were all out of reach of one another they were quite at a loss."

"Did they copy from Lucy Hunt?"

"No, sir. She was the only one who never gave in to it," said Margaret Roller, speaking up. "She left it off after Jessie Hollis spoke to them about it, and she had to do her sums separate, because she could not keep up with the rest."

Miss Manners said something in a low voice, but some of the sharp-eared ones caught it.

"Had they not better all been kept apart, or not had the same sums to do?"

And Miss Bolton replied in the same undertone,—

"Why, yes, ma'am; and so I told Margaret, and she did it now and then, but it seems she could not manage, or at least she *never did*."

Margaret, hot and indignant, with tears in her eyes, now broke forth, so loud that every one could hear her.

"If I have told them once, I have told them fifty times, how naughty it was to look over one another, and I have always punished them when I caught them out; but they never would, and so now they are rightly served."

"That is quite true," said Mr. Somers, gravely, but with a tone that hushed Margaret's vehemence. "That is just punishment to all who have not been faithful in a little."

The pupil-teacher's tears came faster; for she knew that Mr. Somers meant that if she had been more faithful to her own work, and had tried more to carry out Miss Bolton's advice, she might have done much to prevent this.

However, that did not excuse the little girls themselves. Miss Manners gave to all those who had passed well, the prizes which she had promised—a pretty card with the date, and a shilling. But there was only Lucy Hunt to have this in her standard, and when she was called up Mr. Somers said he was glad to see her, for she had been a true and faithful little girl, who had stood bravely up against temptation.

And then he called the other five apart from the rest, and asked them whether they understood why they were in disgrace.

Lily, who knew her mother would bear her for failing, cried too much to answer; but Susan said,—

"For not passing, sir."

"No. We are not in the least angry with poor Janie Tubbs [a poor half-silly child]. Passing standards is not the great thing above all others. Do you know what is, Susan?"

"Doing one's duty, sir," she said.

"Yes; and you are not doing your duty in your state of life unless you do your best to learn now as children. The inspection shows whether you have tried thus to do your best. Now, I do not think you little girls have done so. You have only tried to get through your lessons each day as you could, not learning really, but being helped by others. Is it not so?"

"We didn't mean any harm," said Susan.

"But did you not know you ought not?"

She pinched the corner of her pinafore.

"Now, children, remember, you thus have put yourselves back a whole year in school work, and disappointed all who care about you, because you were disobedient in the first place, where your foolish young eyes saw no harm. And that made you act deceitfully, showing up work you had not honestly done. When each had work to do for herself, without leaning on the other, she found she really could not do it, and came to this failure. It is a sad thing now, but it will be a very good thing for you all your lives, if it makes you remember that only what is true and real and thorough will ever stand in the end."

Then he spoke up to all the school and said,—

"Remember, my little ones, we cannot all be clever or strong; but the one thing that we can be, and that God calls on us to be, is—faithful."—*From Langley Little Ones by Charlotte Yonge.*

OUR FIELD.

There were four of us, and three of us had godfathers and godmothers,—three each. Three times three make nine, and not a fairy godmother in the lot. That was what vexed us.

It was very provoking, because we knew so well what we wanted if we had one, and

e had given us three wishes each. Three nes three make nine. We could have got l we wanted out of nine wishes, and have ovided for Perronet into the bargain. It uld not have been any good, Perronet ving wishes all to himself, because he was ly a dog.

We never knew who it was that drowned erronet, but it was Sandy who saved his e and brought him home. It was when was coming home from school, and he ought Perronet with him. Perronet was t at all nice to look at when we first saw m, though we were very sorry for him. e was wet all over, and his eyes shut, and u could see his ribs, and he looked quite rk and sticky. But when he dried, he ied a lovely yellow, with two black ears e velvet. People sometimes asked us iat kind of a dog he was, but we never iew, except that he was the nicest possible nd.

When we had got him, we were afraid we ere not going to be allowed to have him. other said we could not afford him, because the tax and his keep. The tax was five illings, but there wanted nearly a year the time of paying it. Of course his keep gan as soon as he could eat, and that was e very same evening. We were all very iserable, because we were so fond of Perro-t—at least, Perronet was not his name en, but he was the same person—and at st it was settled that all three of us would ve up sugar, towards saving the expense his keep, if he might stay. It was hardest r Sandy, because he was particularly fond sweet things; but then he was particularly nd of Perronet. So we all gave up sugar, d Perronet was allowed to remain.

About the tax, we thought we could save y pennies or half-pennies we got during e year, and it was such a long time to the ne for paying that we should be almost re to have enough by then. We had not y money at the time, or we should have ught a savings-box; but lots of people ve their money in stockings, and we set-ed that we would. An old stocking would t do because of the holes, and I had not any good pairs; but we took one of my nter ones to use in the summer, and then e thought we could pour the money into ie of my good summer ones when the winter me.

What we most of all wanted a fairy god-other for was about "our homes." There as no kind of play we liked better than aying at houses and new homes. But no atter where we made our "home," it was re to be disturbed. If it was indoors, and we made a palace under the big table, as soon as ever we had got it nicely divided into rooms according to where the legs came, it was certain to be dinner-time, and people put their feet into it. The nicest house we ever had was in the out-house; we had it, and kept it quite a secret, for weeks. And then the new load of wood came and covered up everything, our best oyster-shell dinner-service and all.

Any one can see that it is impossible really to fancy anything, when you are constantly interrupted. You can't have any fun out of a railway train stopping at stations, when they take all your carriages to pieces because the chairs are wanted for tea, any more than you can play properly at Grace Darling in a life-boat, when they say the old cradle is too good to be knocked about in that way.

It was always the same. If we wanted to play at Thames Tunnel under the beds, we were not allowed; and the day we did Aladdin in the store closet, old Jane came and would put away the soap, just when Aladdin could not possibly have got the door of the cave open.

It was one day early in May—a very hot day for the time of year, which had made us rather cross—when Sandy came in about four o'clock, smiling more broadly even than usual, and said to Richard and me, "I've got a fairy godmother, and she's given us a field."

Sandy was very fond of eating, especially sweet things. He used to keep back things from meals to enjoy afterwards, and he almost always had a piece of cake in his pocket. He brought a piece out now, and took a large mouthful, laughing at us with his eyes over the top of it.

"What is the good of a field?" said Richard.

"Splendid houses in it," said Sandy.

"I'm quite tired of fancying homes," said I. "It's no good, we always get turned out."

"It's quite a new place," Sandy continued; "you've never been there," and he took a triumphant bite of the cake.

"How did you get there?" asked Richard.

"The fairy godmother showed me," was Sandy's reply.

There is such a thing as nursery honor. We respected each other's pretendings unless we were very cross. I was rather cross, but I didn't disbelieve in his fairy godmother. I only said, "You shouldn't talk with your mouth full," to snub him for making a secret about his field.

Sandy is very good-tempered. He only laughed and said: "Come along. It's much cooler out now. The sun's going down."

He took us along Gipsy Lane. We had been there once or twice, for walks, but not very often, for there was some horrid story about it which rather frightened us. I do not know what it was, but it was a horrid one. Still we had been there and I knew it quite well. At the end of it there is a stile, by which you go into a field, and at the other end you get over another stile and find yourself in the high road.

"If this is our field, Sandy," said I, when we got to the first stile, "I'm very sorry, but it really won't do. I know that lots of people come through it. We should never be quiet here."

Sandy laughed. He did not speak, and he didn't get over the stile, he went through a gate close by it leading into a little sort of by-lane that was all mud in winter and hard cart-ruts in summer. I had never been up in it, but I had seen hay and that sort of thing go in and come out of it.

He went on and we followed him. The ruts were very disagreeable to walk on, but presently he led us through a hole in the hedge, and we got into a field. It was a very bare-looking field, and went rather uphill. There was no path, but Sandy walked away up it, and we went after him. There was another ledge at the top, and a stile in it. It had very rough posts, and one much longer than the other, and the cross-step was gone, but there were two rails, and we all climbed over. And when we got to the other side, Sandy leaned against the big post and gave a wave with his right hand, and said, "This is our field."

It sloped downhill and the ledges round it were rather high, with awkward branches of blackthorn sticking out here and there without any leaves, and with the blossoms lying white on the black twigs like snow. There were cowslips all over the field, but they were thicker at the lower end, which was damp. The great heat of the day was over. The sun shone still, but it shone low down and made such splendid shadows that we all walked about with gray giants at our feet; and it made the bright green of the grass, and the cowslips down below, and the top of the hedge, and Sandy's hair, and everything in the sun and the mist behind the elder bush which was out of the sun, so yellow—so very yellow—that just for a minute I really believed about Sandy's godmother, and thought it was a story come true, and that everything was turning into gold.

But it was only for a minute; of course, I know that fairy tales are not true. But it was a lovely field, and when we had put our hands to our eyes and had a good look at I said to Sandy: "I beg your pardon, Sandy for telling you not to talk with your mout full. It is the best field I ever heard of."

"Sit down," said Sandy, doing the honor and we all sat down under the hedge.

"There are violets just behind us," I continued. "Can't you smell them? Bu whatever you do, don't tell anybody of thos or we shall not keep our field to ourselves f a day. And look here." He had turne over on to his face, and Richard and I d the same, whilst Sandy fumbled among th bleached grass and brown leaves.

"Hyacinths," said Richard, and San displayed the green tops of them.

"As thick as peas," said Sandy. "Th bank will be blue in a few weeks; and fiddl heads everywhere. There will be no end l ferns. May to any extent—it's only in bu yet—and there's a wren's nest in there"' At this point he rolled suddenly over on his back and looked up.

"A lark," he explained; "there was o singing its head off this morning. I sa Dick, this will be a good field for a ki won't it? *But wait a bit.*"

After every fresh thing that Sandy show us in our field, he always finished by sayin *"Wait a bit"*; and that was because th was always something else better still.

"There is a brook at the bottom, there said he, "with lots of fresh-water shrim I wonder whether they would boil red. *wait a bit.* This hedge, you see, has a va high bank, and it's worn into kind of ledg I think we could play at 'shops' there— *wait a bit.*"—*From "A Great Emergency, Other Tales," by Juliana H. Ewing.*

(*To be continued.*)

Consider it to be the greatest of infa to prefer life to honor, and, for the sake living, to lose the object of living.—*Juven*

Truth is never learned in any departm of industry by arguing, but by working observing; and, when you have got hol one truth for certain, ten others will g out of it. The assertion of truth is to always gentle.—*Ruskin.*

The Lord is my light and my salvat whom shall I fear? The Lord is the stren of my life; of whom shall I be afraid *Psalms.*

There is no fear in love; but perfect l casteth out fear.—*1 John.*

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication) and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

LABYRINTH OF LETTERS.

P	K	P	I	E	I	C	T	E	E	W
M	I	N	R	E	D	A	U	C	E	S
U	E	K	T	R	C	S	Y	R	N	S
P	Y	R	U	A	N	B	E	R	U	T

By beginning at a certain letter, and following a path, using no letter twice, the names of five articles found on the Thanksgiving menu will be spelled.

II.

QUESTIONS IN HISTORY.

1. What mythological king originated a celebrated kind of table?
2. What valorous knight is a hero of Arthurian legend?
3. Who was Rinaldo?

—*Selected.*

III.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead a word meaning to drill and leave the native form of metal.
2. Behead a word meaning to confine and leave lifetime.
3. Behead a word meaning a single small hard seed and leave to pour or shower down.
4. Behead a word meaning to challenge and leave a part of the verb to be.
5. Behead a word meaning to drop and leave a word meaning everything.

IV.

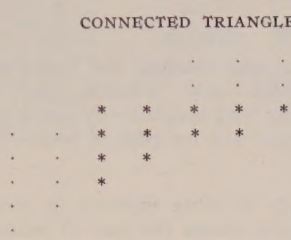
HEROES AND HEROINES.

In what books do they appear?

1. Master Edgar Ravenswood.
2. Rosaline.
3. Shylock.
4. Violet Melrose.
5. George Staunton.
6. Helen McGregor.

V.

CONNECTED TRIANGLES.



I. Upper Triangle: 1. One slip of a series for ascending or descending to a different level. 2. Having little thickness. 3. To trouble. 4. A preposition. 5. A consonant.

II. Middle Triangle: 1. A thong to bind up a hawk's wing. 2. To pour or shower down. 3. To ventilate. 4. A preposition. 5. A consonant.

III. Lower Triangle: 1. To smear with the white of an egg. 2. The past participle of lie. 3. To be ill or indisposed. 4. A preposition. 5. A consonant.

Answers to puzzles in the October number.

I. DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA: Wilson, Hughes.

II. FAMOUS MEN: Abraham Rihbany, Thomas Jefferson, William Seward, Isaac Hull, James Smithson.

III. ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES:—

No. 1. $99\frac{9}{9}\frac{9}{9}$

No. 2.

13	24
67	65
80	89
2	1
4	3
5	7
9	100
100	

No. 3. Comic.

No. 4.

$9+8+7+6+5+4+3+2+1=45$

$1+2+3+4+5+6+7+8+9=45$

$8+6+4+1+9+7+5+3+2=45$

IV. LITERARY PUZZLE.—Anna of Green Gables, Keziah Coffin, Mexico, Old Friends, The Chippendales, Old Indian Trails of The Canadian Rockies.

V. CHANGED INITIALS.—Bite, Cite, Kite, Mite, Rite, Site.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

The address of Mrs. Emma M. Backus is Third Avenue and Second Street, St. Petersburg, Florida.

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IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The regular monthly meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange will be held on Friday, December 1, at 10.30 A.M., at 25 Beacon Street, Boston. All interested are cordially invited to be present.

The work has grown so it is no longer easy for the Book Club Secretary to care for all that pertains to the Club. The following ladies have volunteered to take charge of the different interests: For Bibles, either for requests or offers, apply to Mrs. Laura Hallett, 37 Pinckney Street, Boston, Mass. For scraps for patchwork, for requests or offers, to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass. For music, for requests or offers, to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, 145 Grand View Avenue, Wollaston, Mass.

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It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

The Chairman, Mrs. George G. Saville, is at the rooms, 25 Beacon Street, on Thursday afternoons, from 2 until 4.30 P.M.

In sending subscriptions for the *Cheerful Letter*, address The Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Subscriptions, 50 cents a year.

Chairman of Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. George G. Saville, 33 Saville Ave., Quincy, Mass.

Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss Freeman Clarke.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.